The Tale of a Nettle.

A MAN with Expence of wonderful Toil,
By Planting and Dunging Enobled his Soil;
There Fruits of the Beſt the Taſte did invite,
And uniform Order ſtill courted the Sight:
No degenerate Weed the Rich Ground did produce,
And all things afforded both Beauty and Uſe;
'Till from Dunghill tranſplanted, while yet but a Seed,
A *NETTLE* rear'd up his Inglorious Head:
The Gard'ner wou'd wiſely have rooted him up,
To ſtop the Increaſe of a Barbarous Crop;
But the Maſter forbad him, and after the Faſhion,
Of fooliſh good Nature, and blind *Moderation*;
Forbore him thro' Pity, and choſe as much rather
To ask him ſome Queſtions firſt, how he came thither.
Kind Sir, Quoth the NETTLE, *a Stranger I come,*
For Conſcience compell'd to relinquiſh my home;
'Cauſe I wou'd not Subſcribe, to a Myſtery Dark
That the Prince of all Trees was the Jeſuits Bark.
An Erroneous Tenet, I know, Sir, that you
Know more than my ſelf will allow to be true;
To you I for Refuge and Sanctuary Sue,
There's none ſo renown'd for Compaſſion as you:
And tho' in ſome Things I may differ from theſe
The reſt of the Faithful and Beautiful Trees;
Tho' your Digging and Dunging my Nature much harms,
And I cannot comply with the Gard'ner in Forms;
Yet I and our Family, after our Faſhion,
Will peaceably ſtick to our own Education:
Be pleas'd to allow us a Place for to reſt in,
'Mongſt the reſt of your Trees, we'll never moleſt 'em.
A kind Shelter to us, and Protection afford,
We'll do you no harm, I'll give you my Word.
The good *Man* was ſoon won by this plauſible Tale,
(So Fraud on good Nature does often prevail.)
He welcomes his Gueſt, gives him free *Toleration*
In the midſt of his Garden to take up his Station;
And into his Boſom do's his Enemy bring,
He never ſuſpected the *NETTLE* wou'd Sting;
Still fluſh'd with Succeſs of Strength to be fear'd,
Around him a numerous Off-ſpring he rear'd.
Then the *Maſter* grew ſenſible what he had done.
And fain wou'd have had his new Gueſt to be gone;
But now 'twas too late to bid him turn out,
A well rooted poſſeſſion already was got:
The old Trees decay'd, and in there room grew,
A ſtubborn, rank, peſtilent, poyſonous Crew.
The *Maſter* who firſt, that young Brood had admitted,
They ſtung like Ingrates, and left him unpitied;
No help from *Manuring* and Planting was found,
The Weeds had Eat out the Heart of the Ground,
Thus one *NETTLE* uncropt, encreas'd to ſuch ſtore,
That 'twas nothing but Weeds, what was Garden before.

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